

## BOY DEAD IN FIRE; PARENTS DYING; 18 IN DANGER

Tenants Carried Down Fire-  
Escapes When Flames  
Cut Off Stairs.

### PANIC IN HOSPITAL.

200-Pound Man Has to Be  
Lowered by Ropes From  
Third Floor.

Eighteen persons, cut off from the stairways by flames and half suffocated by smoke, were carried down ladders to the street during a fire at No. 223 West 10th street, Hoboken, early today. One boy lost his life and there was a panic among the 200 patients in St. Mary's Hospital on the opposite side of the street.

The blaze started in the cellar of the four-story tenement and swept through the damewater shaft to the roof before it was discovered. The four families living in the house found themselves separated from the stairways by a wall of fire. Most of them were already weak from the effects of smoke. By the time firemen reached the place, men, women and children were hanging out the windows screaming to be rescued. Across the street the patients in the big hospital had been aroused by the cries and were in a panic. Every available attendant was rushed into the wards.

The firemen found on reaching the house that the network of wires made it almost impossible to raise their ladders. The longest one they could get up reached only to the third floor, where Charles Lynquist lived with his wife and two children. Dennis Leary of Engine Company No. 5 went through a window and found the family helpless from suffocation.

### HAD TO LOWER 200-POUND MAN BY ROPES.

He carried Mrs. Lynquist down the ladder and told Capt. Regan it would be impossible to get Lynquist, the husband, down a ladder, as he weighed more than 200 pounds and was only semi-conscious. Capt. Regan and Firemen Downey and Leary hurried to the flat with ropes and, looping one around Lynquist's waist, lowered him to the street. He was hurried over to the hospital with his wife, and it was said he could not recover.

The firemen carried Miss Mercy Lynquist, eighteen years old, down the ladder unconscious, and on returning stumbled over the body of Edward Lynquist, seven years old, who had reached the street with him a doctor pronounced him dead from suffocation.

In the meantime Policemen Glendon and Plinkie reached the top floor by a rear fire escape and carried down Andrew Dondero, his wife and two children, all unconscious from suffocation. The six members of the Coble family on the first floor and the five members of Harry Russell's on the second were carried down the ladders with less difficulty. All were treated at the hospital and are expected to recover with the exception of Lynquist, father of the dead boy, and possibly his wife, who also is in a critical condition.

### HAVE TO ENLARGE COURT FOR WRANGLING COUPLES.

Domestic Relations Tribunal So  
Popular It Has Outgrown  
Present Quarters.

The Domestic Relations Court has proved such a popular institution that it has entirely outgrown its quarters and as a result the Yorkville Court Building, at No. 153 East Fifty-seventh street, will shut down on Sunday for repairs. It is expected it will take three or four months to arrange matters in the structure's interior so that there will be room in future for New York's wrangling wives and husbands. In the mean time the Fourth District Municipal Court, Parts 1 and 2, which has occupied part of the Yorkville building, will set up at a new permanent stand in the old quarters of the Tammany Central Club, thirty-second street, between Second and Third avenues.

The Men's Night Court will be transferred temporarily to the West Fifty-fourth street Court and the Domestic Relations Court to Spring and Wooster streets. Cases from the West Thirtieth street police station will go, for the time being, to Jefferson Market Court from the East Thirty-fifth street station to Essex Market Court; from East Fifty-first street and East Sixty-seventh street to Harlem Court.

### ACCUSED POSTMAN OF THEFT OF FOUR LETTERS.

Postman Charles Hopper, who on Monday told the police at Patterson, N. J., that he had been robbed of four special delivery letters and thereafter assisted detectives in their search for the thief, was brought before United States Commissioner Stockton at Newark today to tell the story of the case. A Post-Office Inspector entered Hopper's room yesterday and said he found there a mail bag of antiquated pattern. In searching it the officers discovered a partially concealed compartment, and in this, they asserted, were the four missing letters. "That is not my regular bag," said Hopper. "It is the first time I ever carried one of that pattern. There was only one coming in my regular bag, and I guess I didn't look in the right place for the letters." Inspector Butler and Larabee charged Hopper with the theft of the letters. He was held under bond.

## Many Little Tots Enjoy the Fresh Air at Sea Breeze Home for Crippled Children; Marvellous Cures by Outdoor Life



Play on Coney Island's Sands  
Makes Kiddies Normal  
and Happy.

### IT'S FUN TO GET CURED.

Having a Good Time Part of a  
New Method of  
Treatment.

### Marguerite Moores Marshall.

Ten scars on ten little shins are the only signs that the straightening of five warped little backbones, and the completion of a series of operations that has astounded visitors at Sea Breeze Hospital, Coney Island.

There does not seem to be much relation between a shin bone and a backbone—not any valid reason that a shin bone should play an important part in whisking away the traces of a hunched back. Yet if he hadn't been able to slice off bits of the shinbones and splice them in to strengthen the weak backbones, Dr. Fred H. Albee never would have been able to perform the marvelous operations, and the five tiny hunchbacks of last month would be hunchbacks still.

When 1912 had advanced so far that the sun was searing the East Side, nurses from Sea Breeze Hospital snatched the crippled babies—two girls and three boys, from five to eight in age—from the scorching streets and carried them off to Coney. It was a wonderful transformation. In the new home there were no stronger children who jibed at the twisted backs and made life even more miserable.

It was in a different way, too, that the big doctor ran his hands tenderly over the unstable backbones, he never said anything about "doing it for the child." In the latter part of June Dr. Albee was ready to perform his first operation. He was satisfied that a splinter of bone, which could grow into and become part and parcel of the backbone would be a much greater and surer support than a metal strip, such as previously had been used. And where would a bit of bone be missed less than from the shin, where it is always getting in the way of awkward persons' feet anyhow?

### SURGEONS MARVELLING AT WONDERFUL OPERATION.

The operation did not take long, nor was the period of convalescence, as it used to be—a year or so. Just six weeks after the knife had made that inter-change between the seemingly unrelated shin and backbone, the first little patient was up and around, and the second was thinking of the narrowing interval until he, too, should be able to walk as erectly as any product of the settlement house gymnasium.

Surgeons all over the country—over the world, in fact—have been tremendously interested in Dr. Albee's operations. They marvel that it was only a comparatively short time since the standard treatment for tuberculosis of the spine, which is the disease that causes hunchbacks, was a plaster of Paris jacket or a jacket of wire and leather.

Salt sea baths and salt sea air were the medicines that completed the cure, and now the five are ready to go back to the east side, better able to face the battle that must precede their rise from the crowded, dirty streets. They look now, except that they wear poorer clothes, of course, like any of the thousands of more fortunate children who have been absorbing health in the country during the summer under the supervision of kind and well-to-do parents. In their cheeks is a glow of health, and their bodies are vigorous beyond the average. There is no sign that they ever have been cripples beyond the scars on their shins and even these will pass away with years. Another baby, who has successfully responded to the bone-grafting, takes her first steps today.

### YOUNGSTERS HAVE OCCASION TO FEEL GOOD.

Therefore a particularly broad smile is spread over the row of white iron coils on the second-floor piazza at Sea Breeze. If the inmates of the cots are too young to discuss medical discoveries they, nevertheless, know that they're getting well quicker. Which is always cheering intelligence.

But, indeed, happiness seems to be the rule and not the exception among the forty-two little ones whom the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor cares for at its seaside home. When they go there they are all afflicted with some crippling of bones or joints, which, however, is permitted to confine them to their beds for the shortest possible period. The new treatment of the spinal cases is in line with the regular policy of the hospital. Having a good time, a real child's good time, is regarded as a most important curative agency. Perhaps that is why I cannot recall seeing a public philanthropic institution more completely free from institutional rigidity and depression than Sea Breeze.

Everybody is outdoors nearly every waking hour, and many sleeping hours. The gray, homelike hospital building seemed strangely quiet as I walked from the gate to the porch, between geranium-bordered green lawns. I soon found out why. With the exception of the dozen occupants of the white iron cots on the verandah, every baby was down on the beach, bare-headed, mildly boisterous, obviously content with life.

Both boys and girls are admitted to the hospital between the ages of two and twelve. There is an apparently equal division of the sexes, but the popular age seems to be between four and six, if one has made sufficient allowance for east side discrepancies in age and size. Anyhow, nobody is too old for sand-burrowing. They have swings and hammocks, comfortably low and accessible. They have a tent with a fine supply of dolls and shovels and hoes. They have their own beloved garden, where poppies, petunias and marigolds bear triumphant banners to the skill of small gardeners. For they take all the care of it themselves. And finally they have a fine stretch of firm beach and a horizontal of ocean, not to mention a distracting procession of steamers, launches, motor-boats, etc., for their supreme delectation.

### WELL TANNED BY THE SUN AND THE BREEZES.

Healthy and freckled they are, for hats are more or less negligible. Brown-haired, black-haired, red-haired, blue-eyed—every color combination you choose to imagine. Pleasantly differentiated as to complexions and lumps and bumps, there aren't any uniform except the nurses' at Sea Breeze. Occasionally showing a little stiffness, a trace of languor, a glimpse of white bandage or brown splint, but nice, lovable youngsters every one, and well started on the road to being normal.

Then I went to see their indoor life, and even if they don't use it they have one necessary. There is a roomy dining-room, with low, well-carved tables and chairs, the tables carrying a standard equipment of white porcelain cups and shiny spoons. Because another part of the cure is in-between-meals luncheon of milk.

The sleeping rooms have pleasant angles and corners instead of the long kindergartens of the ordinary hospital ward. And, even more important, the windows are as arranged as to give the cross-currents of air deemed indispensable by modern ventilation. The cribs and beds are white iron, of course, and each one of the older children has a chifonier drawer all to himself.



maculately antiseptic operating room and a dentist's office. Every week a dentist spends an afternoon at the hospital and makes a thorough inspection of the children's teeth, giving all necessary treatment.

When they are well enough the children get up at half-past six, and bed time is between 8 and 7, with nap time in the afternoon for the littles and weakest. They all are given the best and most nourishing food, and all the milk they can drink. Sunday afternoons they may receive visits from their families. "But we do all we can to make them feel at home all the time," the efficient young superintendent explained.

### TO BUILD RAILROAD ON BRIDGE OVER-NIGHT.

Aladdin-like Scheme of Three-Cent Line Is to Have Cars Running To-Morrow.

Railroad strategy, backed by strong public approval, is about to be put into execution on the Manhattan Bridge. In anticipation of the re-opening of the Supreme Court on Tuesday, one railroad company is going to build and operate a trolley line across the bridge, practically over night, while an opposing corporation is struggling to obtain a court injunction preventing construction and operation.

The former company is the Manhattan Bridge Three-Cent line, which has obtained permits from the city and from Bridge Commissioner O'Keefe to operate cars across the bridge. The opposing corporation is the Brooklyn, New York and North River Railroad, which has been fighting for months to get a bridge crossing permit.

To-night the Manhattan Three-Cent line will put a large force of men at work completing the connections on the bridge. In the mean time trolley cars are being shipped to this city and when they arrive to-morrow they will at once be placed in operation. Motormen and conductors have been engaged to work the new line.

It is argued that the courts will have nothing to say upon the case of the application for the injunction when Justice resumes his seat following the Labor Day recess.

## SAYS GIRL'S STORY OF ROBBERY IN LOFT IS ONLY 'FRAME-UP'

Miss Mary Harvey, a cloak model, who claimed to have been assaulted and robbed by William Cummings, a negro operator in an elevator in the loft building at No. 34 West Twentieth street, yesterday afternoon, did not appear in the Jefferson Market Police Court, this morning, to prosecute her case.

Cummings was arraigned and the case postponed until Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. The story of the young woman is that she was going up in the elevator to seek a position as a cloak model. She says the negro stopped the elevator between the sixth and seventh floors and grabbed her silver mesh bag and took twenty dollars from it.

He then, she says, grabbed a gold chain which hung around her neck and from which was suspended a diamond locket valued at \$60. The girl struggled with the negro and labored at him with a hatpin. The elevator was shot up to the ninth floor, where Morris Simons, who occupies a loft there, entered the lift. He says he was the operator's champion from the start and expressed disbelief in the girl's story.

He said she assaulted the negro in his presence, and when Simons attempted to remonstrate with her she kicked him. The young woman's screams attracted numerous tenants of the building to the different landings and a crowd had collected when the ground floor was reached. Cummings fled and was found later in a freight elevator. According to Policeman Cavanaugh Miss Harvey's neck was red from the wrenching of the chain, her waist was torn at the throat and her right arm was cut near the wrist. A boy picked up her chain in three pieces, one of which was attached to the locket.

In court to-day Judge Let me tell you about this case and you'll let this man go in two minutes. This is a frame-up and an outrage." Assistant District Attorney Aiden G. Weisman looked at Simons, then said to the Court:

"Why, Your Honor, this is only a witness in this case. What is he doing inside this lift?" "Yes, Your Honor," returned Simons, confidently, "I'm only a voluntary witness, too. I'm staying now off a trip."

"Well, you make you a compulsory witness," said Magistrate Breen. "Get outside the rail and sit down there until you are served with a subpoena." Magistrate Breen told Cummings after he had filed his bail at \$2,000, that he could hold him only forty-eight hours. If he so desired, Cummings can have his case called at the expiration of that time.

"Sure! You don't want to stay in prison," said the irrepressible Simons from where he sat.

"Shut up!" said somebody in an audible whisper, and the backer of Cummings remained squelched until he got his subpoena.

## ARCHBOLD TO GET MORE OF THE "ABYSSINIAN" IF ROOSEVELT LANDS

Colonel Amuses His Hearers in Vermont With Another Fling at Standard Oil Man.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Aug. 29.—After a thirty-mile automobile ride from Burlington, Col. Theodore Roosevelt reached St. Albans at 11 A. M. to-day and made his first speech of the day to a crowd in the public square. A large part of his audience was composed of farmers, some of whom had driven many miles to hear him, and he was given an enthusiastic reception. The Colonel continued his attacks on John D. Archbold, President of the Standard Oil Company, and Senator Penrose.

The Colonel, with his denunciation of Messrs. Penrose and Archbold, couples funnaking at the expense of the Standard Oil man on account of his remark to the committee that there was nothing in "darkest Abyssinia" which was worse than the treatment of Standard Oil at the hands of the Roosevelt administration. Col. Roosevelt now laughingly refers to "the Abyssinian treatment."

"He doesn't think of darkest Abyssinia when he thinks of the dissolution suit," he said, "but when he thinks of my administration and that I may have another. If I have there'll be more of the Abyssinian treatment and he knows it. He knows that we put the fear of the Lord into his heart."

The Colonel appealed especially to the Republicans of Vermont for support, saying that if they wished to be true to the traditions of the Republican party they should vote for the Progressive ticket. The only way to support the party was to vote for the State ticket if the election next Tuesday, instead of waiting until November to cast the ballot for him.

"The whole country is watching the outcome in Vermont," he said. "A peculiar situation is always attached to the result of the Vermont election. I want to see this State lead in the Progressive movement."

"If Vermont failed to take the lead," he continued, "it would give heart to the forces of reaction everywhere." In his speech Col. Roosevelt compared the political situation in Vermont with that in New York.

"You have got to deal with the same situation here," he said, "that we have to contend with in New York, where crooked business not only controls politics but the newspapers as well."

## SCHAEFER LOOMS UP IN THE RACE FOR CONEY'S KING

Dick Geary's Schedule of Prizes for the Most Comical Cusses.

### SPLITS UP HIS \$1,000.

Big Turnout of Vets and "Vamps" on Firemen's Night at Coney.

Credit should have been given to the Harlemites, Inc., for a bundle of nearly 1,000 votes for Henry Kelly counted in yesterday's summary of the vote. The table will have to tell the whole story to-day. Kelly and Kelle lead, but Schaefer, of the Big Indian Bowling Club, is looming up, though he has only 500 votes to-day, and Marty Rowan, who has given up boxing for politics, received over 1,100 votes and went up to third in the race, with a promise from the members of the Democratic Club which bears his name that he will be first on Saturday and stay there till the finish.

Wattel, Banfield, Crimmins and Rougan have been dropped from the roll to-day, their vote being less than 200. They will be restored when they reach the necessary vote.

Chairman Richard J. Geary has evolved a clever schedule of prizes for the competitors in the Comic and Character costume competition in the nightly pageant. It will eat up the \$1,000 to be distributed. There will be \$25 for the best group of three or more each night; \$15 each for the best fancy costume and best comic figure each night; \$10, \$7.50 and \$5 for three next best; and \$5 for the cutest in the "Kid Division." Added to these will be special prizes of \$25 for the best in all six parades in each class; \$15 second special prize.

There will be a large turnout of Veterans' night, Thursday, Sept. 12, than ever before, twenty-five companies appearing, with William B. Lake of Gravesend, President of the Kings County Firemen's Association, the old stagers and "Vamps" of other days, at the head.

### U. S. SENATOR STEPHENSON NOT CRITICALLY SICK.

Suffers From a Cold and Stomach Trouble at Fishing Camp, but Has No Heart Attack.

ESCANABA, Mich., Aug. 29.—A message received to-day from Watson states that the illness of United States Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin has been greatly exaggerated and that his condition is not critical. The Senator is suffering from a cold and stomach trouble, according to this message, and expects to continue his fishing trip along the Escanaba River. The message denies that the Senator has any heart attack.

It was stated that when the Senator contracted the cold it was thought best to have physicians with him, the fact that the physicians left the city hurriedly caused the report that the Senator's condition was serious.

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"Just couldn't wait to take my hat off!"

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When your feet ache, get tired, swollen, tender or sore, just try TIZ. Your feet will just feel fine, also your corns, bunions and calluses will disappear. TIZ operates under a new principle, drawing out all the poisonous exudations that make the feet sore, corny and tired. There's nothing else like TIZ, so refuse any imitation. Get only TIZ. TIZ, 25 cents a box, at all drug stores, department and general stores. Write to-day to Walter Luther Dodge & Co., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of TIZ and enjoy real foot relief.

## VOTE TO DATE FOR KING OF THE CONEY MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL.

Candidates must be nominated to the Mardi Gras Association and elected as candidates by the Nominating Committee of the association. No others will be recognized by the Evening World.

Henry Kelly, Harlemites Club, 510	1,100
William D. Kelle, Quartet Club, 574	1,100
Marty Rowan, Marty Rowan Club, 1,100	1,100
D. C. Browary, Hudson Turn-	1,100
Frederick C. A. Schaefer, Big	1,100
Indian B. C. Schaefer, Big	1,100
Maurice Costello, Moving Pic-	1,100
ture Actor, 1,100	1,100
Andrew B. Yacenda, Panama	1,100
Democratic Club, 1,100	1,100
John A. Grier, Essex S. C., 1,100	1,100
Frank A. Miller, Moving Pic-	1,100
ture Operative, 1,100	1,100
Thomas F. Haskins, M. W. of A.,	1,100
Long Lippman, Outing Club, 1,100	1,100
George H. Blakney, Acme A. C.,	1,100
Irving Osborne, Flatbush G. C.,	1,100
John J. Curran, Irish-Am. A. C.,	1,100

## LAST 2 DAYS OF

Price Sale

To-morrow, Saturday night, Aug. 31st, we do our semi-annual Half-Price Sale. Anticipate a strenuous wind-up, and am prepared with an augmented selling force to handle the big rush.

If you are a shrewd buyer you'll make it a point to come here to-day or to-morrow. Take your time, go through the stock. Remember you choose from every remaining light and medium weight Suit and Overcoat in the store, including many heavy enough for late Fall service. All Merchant Tailors' uncalled-for Garments, and GEORGES Custom Model Clothes—in style, a full year ahead of ready-mades; in price, a clear saving of 50 per cent., as follows:

\$15.00 Now	\$7.50
\$16.50 Now	\$8.25
\$18.00 Now	\$9.00
\$20.00 Now	\$10.00
\$22.50 Now	\$11.25
\$25.00 Now	\$12.50
\$28.00 Now	\$14.00
\$30.00 Now	\$15.00
\$35.00 Now	\$17.50
\$40.00 Now	\$20.00
\$45.00 Now	\$22.50

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